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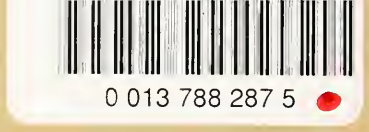
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Rev. W. F. Stowe, D.D.

Memorial Exercises

OF THE LATE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

WILLIAM McKINLEY

LIBRARY
SEPTEMBER 19, 1901.

AT HOGAN OPERA HOUSE,

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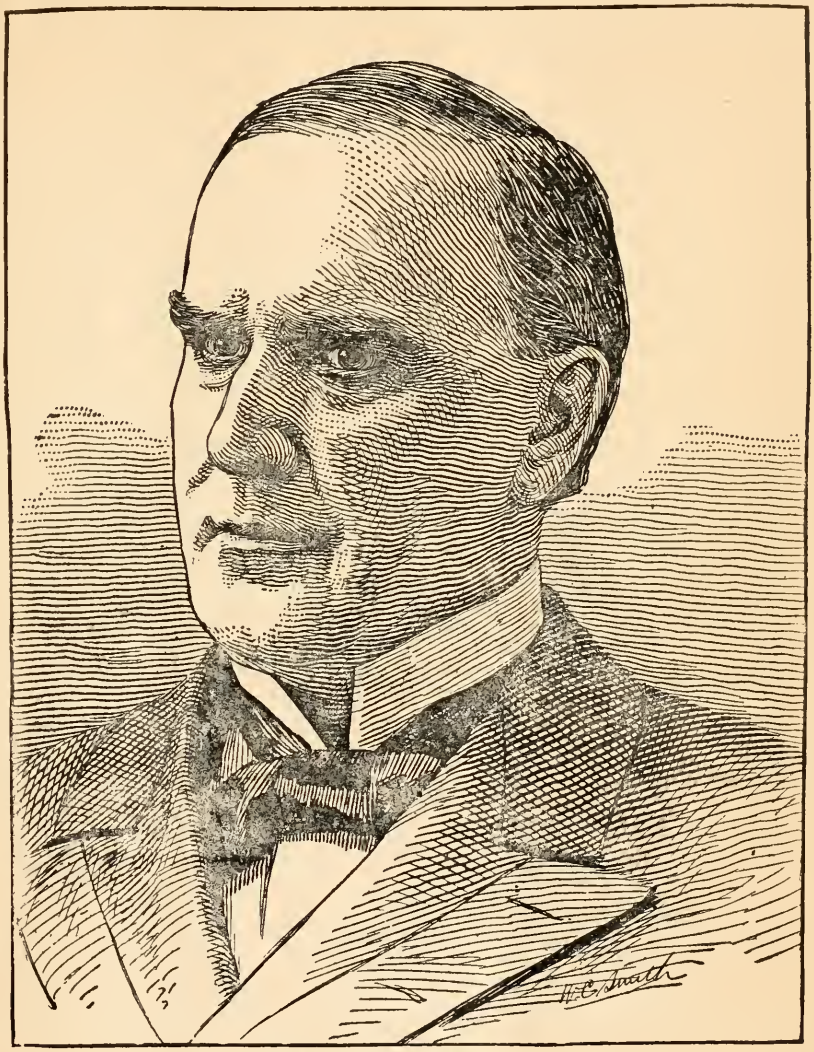
UNION MEMORIAL SERVICES OF PRESIDENT WILLIAM McKINLEY.



"He died a martyr's death,
And all the world stood still,
And thought of God."

PROGRAM:

Music.....Orchestra.

Opening Remarks .....Chairman.

Singing, "Lead Kindly Light," (Bishop Newman, Music by Rev. J. B. Dykes).....Choir.

Prayer.....Rev. J. O. Williams.

Memorial Address .....Rev. P. F. Broderick.

Singing, "Nearer My God, to Thee." (Adams).....Choir.

Remarks.....Rev. I. N. Shipman.

Remarks.....Rev. Chas. W. Boot.

Music.....Orchestra.

Remarks .....Rev. Edwin E. Riley.

Remarks .....Rev. D. L. Meeker.

Three-thirty o'clock. Silent prayer with bowed heads for five minutes.

The Lord's Prayer .....Rev. J. J. Henry.

Singing: "Angel of Peace," (O. W. Holmes) Keller's American Hymn. Choir.

Benediction .....Rev. W. M. Bouton.

Opening Remarks of the Chairman.

This is the third time in the history of our nation that we have been called upon to pay our respects to our murdered presidents—Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley; and I have taken part in the three memorial services.

Cut down by assassins! Men who should not have had an enemy in the world. It is time that the American people, whether born or naturalized, no matter from what clime they come, raise their hands and swear by Almighty God that they will put down the tribe of anarchists. You are not safe, I am not safe, none of us are safe so long as that element is in the land.

I request that there be no applause this afternoon. There should be none whatever. We will now commence our exercises by the choir singing "Lead, Kindly Light."

Prayer by the Rev. J. O. Williams of the Baptist Church.

Chairman: It is not necessary for me to make any remarks in presenting to you the Rev. Father Broderick, who will now address you. (Applause.)

Rev. Father Broderick: This is not an occasion for applause of the living. You will accommodate me very much by remaining silent during the simple and earnest words with which I intend to address you. Let there be no applause to-day.

REMARKS BY REV. P. F. BRODERICK.

Mr. Chairman, Reverend Clergy, Ladies and Gentlemen:—At about this hour in his once happy home in Canton all that was mortal of our beloved and martyred President is now being prepared for its last journey home. We can picture to our minds the sad scenes, the last farewell spoken by those neighbors who had admired and loved our departed President. We can picture to our minds the feelings of sorrow and sympathy of his official family and at this moment we can imagine the new President kneeling by the bier of our martyr, and as sincere in his sorrow as the humblest citizen in the land, but no human mind can imagine the sorrow and grief of that devoted wife as she looks upon her major for the last time on this side of eternity.

My dear friends, a common affliction, a common sorrow and grief have drawn the American people together, and we, proud of our privilege of being American citizens, draw near with sorrow stricken hearts and with heads bowed down in grief, that we may lay our humble tribute of sorrow and grief upon the casket that holds all that was mortal of William McKinley. Words fail me to express the sorrow that this sad occasion calls forth. It is not an ordinary man; it is not an ordinary President that lies to-day in that casket, but it is the highest type of an American citizen; it is one of the best Presidents, one of the most kindly hearted, one who may have had enemies but was an enemy to no man, that now occupies the coffin of a martyr.

It seems but as yesterday, my dear friends, amid the glad rejoicings of the American people, amid boom of cannon and the loud huzzas of our glad people that our President, accompanied by his now broken hearted wife, arrived in Buffalo, to make sure that by his presence he approved of everything undertaken and carried out by the common people. It is but yesterday that in a public speech he proclaimed the glorious victories of peace, and with malice toward none, with charity for all, with love, esteem and honor for the lowliest American citizen, he stood there to grasp the hand of even the most humble laboring man as well as that of the highest officials. It was then that the assassin approached and like another Judas, and in the guise of greeting him, fired that murderous shot that robbed us of one of the greatest Presidents. My dear friends, you know the sorrow that overwhelmed the American people, you know how we longed and sighed for his recovery, how we prayed that God might

spare him. You know how you resented it as a personal assault upon yourself, and yet, as the dying President himself says, "It was God's way, His will be done."

My dear friends, there is much food for thought in the life, private and public, and in the death of President McKinley. He was one of ourselves, taken from among the lowly and raised to the highest position within the gift of the American people. He, like others of us, knew what it was to be poor; knew what it was to struggle, and yet he overcame these difficulties with the same calm spirit of perseverance and courage that he often manifested when occupying the highest position in the land.

At the age of eighteen, and when our nation's life was in danger, Abraham Lincoln, he, too, a martyr, called upon us for volunteers to save the life of the nation, for it was at stake. William McKinley, only a stripling of eighteen, heard in his schoolroom the voice of Abraham Lincoln calling for savers of the nation, and at once he volunteered his services; a boy only eighteen years of age, devoted to his mother, loving his home, and when I say devoted to his mother, that devotion continued even to his first inauguration. You remember very well this kindly devotion to that mother, and that, my dear friends, is the cause of his winning private character: the training of a devoted mother and his devotion to her training. At eighteen, then, he heard the summons to duty. Here was another case of martyrdom. It was true of him as it was true of every other volunteer, whether he laid his life down upon the altar of his country or not, that he was a martyr, from the moment he volunteered to shoulder a gun in the defense of his country. This youth at eighteen went forth baring his bosom, as it were, to the rebel bullets, placing his body as a barrier to the tide of rebellion, but in God's providence he was not to die there: God had destined him for greater work: God had preserved him to occupy a nobler position in the country for whose safety he was ready to sacrifice his life. For four long years, exposed to every danger, willing at any moment of these four years to sacrifice his life, he served his country's cause.

William McKinley was not an educated man. He had only the ordinary education. As a boy his weakness prevented him from continuing his college course, but he was a student all his life. After his return from the war he devoted himself to the study of law, and shortly afterward was elected to be prosecuting attorney of his own county. Seven times was he elected to Congress from his district, but only six times was he permitted to fill the office. Twice he was raised to the highest position of his state, that of Governor; and twice by the citizens of the United States, to be its President, its chief magistrate.

In his private life William McKinley was not a nominal Christian only; William McKinley was a practical Christian. He believed in God; he believed in the providence of God; he believed in the redemption of Jesus Christ, and, according to his own convictions he served his Master faithfully and conscientiously. During the exciting campaigns preceding his election, not once was a word spoken against his private character; not once was the breath of suspicion uttered against his moral nature. In his public life God seemed to have destined him for greater things. Before his entrance upon his duties as President it was his privilege to frame a special bill protecting our commerce and our industries here in the United States. After his elevation to the Presidency a special session of Congress is convened in order to make sure that protection be established. He was called the advance agent of prosperity, and during his term of office he proved his claim to the title. It was also his privilege to occupy the chair when Almighty God in His providence saw fit to release others from bondage and slavery. How long we were forced to listen to the cry of distress coming over southern seas from our brothers in Cuba and Porto Rico. We know how long we waited for the command to arms; we know how we resented his prudence in waiting so long, but he was a prudent President and waited until our country was well able to make sure a victory. Then he gave the command, forward march! In God's name and under the standard of the flag; march on to the liberation and the freeing of those human slaves. By your American energy and your American arms, lift the heel from the down-trodden. It was his blessed privilege to accomplish this. From his death, oh! what subject matter for thought! What a sublime example of a Christian in distress and in suffering, as he stood there before thousands with his right hand, a hand of love and friendship, extended; that hand shaken by the black man as well as by the white man; by the poor laboring man as well as by the millionaire. How little he thought that in the guise of friendship there was one there with murder in his heart. My God! What could have prompted that feeling of murder? What could have prompted a man to slaughter in cold blood so beautiful a character as William McKinley? Was the man crazy? No, not crazy, but thoroughly responsible, and as he fired that murderous bullet what was the expression on William McKinley's face? It was not one of hatred or anger, but he looked at him in a calm and quiet way as much as to say, what prompted you to do it? What injury have I ever done to you? And his first thought was one of a true Christian gentleman, "See that the young man is not harmed." Christ like, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." And his next thought was about his wife, "Break the news gently to Mrs. McKinley." Here are object lessons

worthy of meditation; forgiveness of injury, leaving vengeance to God to whom alone it belongs. During the time he lay waiting for the summons of death he was conscious of the fact, he realized the fact that it was God's will he must go. It was God's will that his martyred blood must be the seed or rather the water in which the seed of true patriotism was to grow and increase, and he bowed his head in humble submission to God's will. His will be done. His will be done. Oh, my dear friends, what a lesson for the youth of this country! What a lesson for us, citizens of this great country of America! William McKinley served his country well during life, but in the sublimity of his death he leaves us a lesson that will be more eagerly read fifty years hence than at the present time. He served his country well during life, but in his death he leaves us a legacy of noble Christian manhood, of noble devotion to his country and of patriotism. My dear friends, let us not be angry with the poor unfortunate who fired the murderous bullet. Were that man to stand in our midst now, I would say: "See that the man is not harmed." He, it is, who fired the bullet that destroyed the life of our devoted President, but what was his motive? He had no personal grievance against the President. The President had not injured him. He is only one of a brood. Don't stamp out his life but preserve his life until you find where the nest is, and stamp it out of existence.

I fear, my dear friends, that in our great love for President McKinley and in our great devotion to the institutions of this beloved country, that many of us, in our zeal and anxiety to resent any injury inflicted upon them, would ourselves, by taking the law into our own hands, be committing murder. No man has a right to take another man's life unless deputized by God to do so; therefore, think kindly of the assassin, for, no doubt, he was sent on that mission; no doubt, he was paid for it; no doubt, his mind was deranged by the doctrines he had listened to. There is a school of anarchy in the United States. He was a pupil of that school. That is where we must meet the evil and suppress it. It is too bad that our freedom of speech and our freedom of the press are so often abused. Men take freedom of speech to mean license to caluminate or to incite to murder. The freedom of the press does not mean, or at least should not mean the cartooning, even, of our officials, but let every soul be subject to higher power, for there is no power but from God. My dear friends, at this moment, while we kneel in spirit by the vault that I suppose is just about now receiving the remains, all that is left, all that is human, of what was once that brilliant, amiable, typical American, let us kneel in spirit and ask Almighty God to grant him eternal rest, and to grant to his heart-broken widow the grace and strength to bear up under the heavy cross of her bereavement and to grant to our new President, to him who enters upon this duty with no beating of drums, no sound of cannon and with no grand pageant, but is made the President through the accidental death of William McKinley—let us pray to Almighty God

to grant him the strength to pursue the policy of our martyred President. I ask of you then my dear friends, to take home the object lesson of this man's private and public life. It is true that his whole life was one of public service. He aspired to the Presidency and every American has a right to aspire to it, and although every American boy may not occupy the President's chair, yet every American boy ought to be fit to occupy it, and he will be, if he, like President McKinley, observes the instructions of a devoted mother and the precepts of religion, worships his God and observes His commandments. I ask you to take home with yourselves the lessons that may be derived from his private and public life, and ask of you to pay to him your last tribute of respect, and thank God for having given us such a President. As President of the United States he was a great man, but as William McKinley, the martyr, he is destined to live for all time. May his soul rest in peace.

BY REV. I. N. SHIPMAN.

The great ocean of human love is overflowing with tears to-day. Our chief magistrate lies dead; the result of a cruel shot by an assassin's hand. In this troubled sea of our national life we are looking for a place of calmness, that we may think and consider the event, which has disturbed not only our own country but the whole world, and, if possible, find words to express our sorrow, but it is impossible. The vehicle of thought and emotion is inadequate; human language is too barren to express the tumult of emotion we feel in our souls.

There has been a spirit hovering over the sea of our national life for many years. At first unnoticed; again visible. We have seen it on the crest of the wave of a national storm, and in the trough of the sea. It has been in the flow and ebb of its tide, but it has never been submerged, never lost. It was the spirit of William McKinley.

In the great national strife he was at the front and in its battles. In the war that has hardly closed we see the mind that was schooled in national lore, and the heart that was nurtured in Christian faith, that qualified him to lead us out of a troubled sea into a harbor calm in national repose.

We see him to-day through a glass, which enlarges, but does not distort, for he is greater to-day than ever before. His spirit hovers over the Nation still.

Great men never die; they just begin to live when they die. Lincoln is a greater man to-day than ever before. We see him as something more than he who broke the shackles from three millions of slaves. So with William McKinley; he will grow and never die. He is more to us to-day than citizen or soldier or statesman or president; he is all these

combined. William McKinley has made for himself a bouquet of human characteristics, the aroma from which will fill the land. Everyone of them is an immortelle.

These marked characteristics of his will influence many minds and lives. They will be like truth, which once sent on its mission, never will return void. Seed, when planted, reproduces itself; so will the truths of the many beautiful characteristics of President William McKinley go forth on their mission of noble manhood. His life will, in the future, touch the army and navy, the state and school house, the home and the individual with a benign influence. Herein is my principal thought, to-day, in these services where all classes are met to do honor to him whom this country and world are pleased to reverence. He is immortal in the life of this Nation. He will live as long as history lives. He will never die. The spirit which hovered over our national life so many years is still with us. No ruthless hand can ever rob us of this heritage. He will be known as the one who guided the ship of state through a troubled sea into a harbor of safety. The country needed him in his life, and in his death he is not without honor, for we are more united in this sorrow than ever before. Herein may we see a providence in this sad event. President McKinley is immortal in his death, forever linked with the country which he loved.

As a nation may we enter upon an era great in its opportunities, and with firmer determination to carry out our national philanthropic principles.

BY REV. CHAS. W. BOOT.

MR. PRESIDENT, THE REVEREND CLERGY, AND DEAR FRIENDS:—There is an atmosphere pervading this assembly which is not confined to the limits of this building, but practically envelopes the whole world. It is one of grief, unutterable and boundless—it is so palpable that calm utterance is well nigh impossible.

Officially, it is a world-wide grief, and over land and sea the governments of the world have bowed their heads toward the home which holds the mortal remains of the illustrious and beloved dead—a sign of their lament for him and their respect for the great republic of the west.

Racially, it is an Anglo-Saxon grief, and wherever the mother English tongue is spoken and the virile English race has camped, on mighty mainlands and storm-swept islands of the sea, where the American and Britain's "far flung battle line" extends, and the flags of the Anglo-Saxon people wave "over palm or pine" in token of liberty and peace—there will heart speak to heart of those who own one blood, one language, one history, one world-duty, and thoughts of love and sad regret turn toward the bier where lies a great and noble chieftain of the race.

Nationally, it is a genuine deep, and universal grief---for in the presence of this great calamity there is in this fair land to-day no faction or section, no North or South, no East or West, no Republican or Democrat, no rich or poor, no capitalist or proletariat---but one strong, united, stricken, indignant citizenship, bound heart and soul by the bonds of faith in the permanence of its government, and of sorrowing respect for the honored and murdered man of its own free choice.

Individually, it is a personal grief this grief of ours to-day, for

> "We shall meet but we shall miss him,
> There will be one vacant chair."

We have all been stunned by "the deep damnation of his taking off." Hence, the opening year of the 20th century will live in the memory of

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the people on both sides of the Atlantic as one that drew them together in the sacred brotherhood of sorrow.

It is not so many days ago, as we reckon time, when those on the other side were mourning as you now mourn, the loss of their Queen, Queen Victoria, the queen of women. During those days you were good enough to send across the waters messages of your affection, sympathy, and comradeship and were represented at the last solemn rites over the dead by your National officials and by whom were offered floral tributes of the choicest composition with which to emphasize the closeness of kinship and of blood.

To-day you are mourning, as methinks this great republic never mourned before, the loss of its President, William McKinley, the king of men! And from the other side are now coming in countless numbers messages of condolence, and tributes of respect, and at the funeral being conducted while I speak, are representatives of both Church and State in England, embodying the sentiments expressed, and those feelings which are beyond expression. True, the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack everywhere are at half mast. Consequently it is with an unquestionable sincerity and with the deepest emotion that I take my stand here, at the invitation of the citizen's committee, to voice as best I may, my own personal sympathy, and that of the church and people, whom at this time it is my privilege and responsibility to represent.

The time at my disposal being so brief, I think it wise to enfold what I wish to emphasize in the form of a simple illustration.

A painter was once engaged upon a picture—it was to be the supreme effort of his career. Already he had achieved no small amount of success, so that when it became noised abroad that he was dedicating every fibre of his being to this production, his studio became the rendezvous of students of art from lands distant and near. Before this, as yet, partial revelation they stood transfixed, aghast, and with folded arms, fixed eyes, motionless frame, they watched and wondered. Such light! Such shade! Such pose! Such wealth of setting! Such color! Each in his turn and to the limit of his capacity went away to try and imitate and to reproduce, but to each it was an impossible task, notwithstanding the inspiration 'neath which they labored. But whence such power, such reality, and such color?

The painter continued to work until his effort was concluded, and then he died. The painter and the picture will live forever. Why? When preparing for his burial a wound over his heart was found! That power was his life! That color was his blood! My friends, he was not the first, nor will he be the last to give his heart's blood for his work.

William McKinley for several decades has been engaged upon a picture---not of canvass, and of paint, but a *living* picture, a breathing, pulsating, picture; at first, away back in the years of comparative poverty and insignificance, then as a soldier, lawyer, politician, statesman, President---as a son, brother, husband and friend, he never for one moment forgot it, nor, indeed, was he ever known to put down his work. This living picture soon became the topic of conversation, then of interest, then of imitation, then of admiration, and eventually was placed where it could be seen by all. Just as the picture was finished, as in the eyes of the Almighty it assuredly was, he died. We know *when*, we know *how*, but may God forgive us if we say, we cannot understand *why*. We are human, our little fingers cannot trace the Hand Divine, our puny intellectual line cannot fathom His depths, our dim vision extends no further than time, the illimitableness of eternity, and the possibilities of Divinity are beyond our ken, for "unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out."

And so, of William McKinley we say "he lives, he ever will live." Upon that finished picture at this moment the eyes of a world and of heaven are focussed. Here is no time or place for distinctions of churches, creeds, policies or parties, nor for nationalities, races or castes—all is ephemeral before this living eternal picture and its burning lessons. Look at him with me. No dishonor darkens his name; no scandal fastens upon his renown. A man of the people, the moral giant of the age, "a prince and a great man in Israel," a man of God.

"Through all the track of years
"In that fierce light which beats upon a throne
"And blackens every blot
(We find) "The white flower of a blameless life."

Look at him.

"No light is in those patient eyes
"Where kindliness had made her home."

Yes, look at him; join in the almost universal paeon of admiration, and cry with an earnestness born of opportunity, "Behold the man."

Words fail me, even if time did not forbid, should I try to pay some humble tribute to the life and character of the lamented President, for what part of the civilized world has not heard of his personal integrity, his loyal patriotism, his domestic fidelity?

Young men, what an example and inspiration is before you! What an inheritance it is to which you have succeeded! William McKinley is the latest hero, whose name will ever be enshrined in the nation's heart, and canonized in this magnificent temple of liberty. See to it that he is not the last. It is to such men, such characters, such moral heroisms,

that you owe your past achievements, and present position and possibilities, for

"Lives of great men all remind us,
"We can make our lives sublime,
"And departing leave behind us
"Footprints in the sands of time."

And remember that some of the greatest moral benefits which have come to the race, have been with the providence of God—evolved from deeds of wickedness. Who knows what may be back of this last horrible crime, and how soon the Voice may be heard bidding us do and dare for Right, for Country, and for God? Then here and now, dedicate your lives, your all, to hand down to the rising generation, this heritage of yours, not dimmed in splendor of renown, not lessened in power, not diminished in extent, but more glorious than ever, thro' the guardianship of to-day.

And here and now, standing shoulder to shoulder, go forward in mighty phalanx joined, to

"Fight for the cause that lacks assistance
"For the wrongs that need resistance,
"For the future in the distance
"And the good that each may do."

BY REV. EDWIN ELLSWORTH RILEY.

Mr. Chairman, Brethren, Sons and Daughters of Earth's Greatest Nation:—While a hush is over the earth, it is our duty to appropriate the lessons of the hour, so that we may live them out during the future years, for every calamity makes revelations.

At a time when peace reigned throughout the Roman Empire, Jesus Christ was born. Following this life to its tragic end, we are shocked to see an evil man thrust a spear into the Savior's body. But from that riven side there flowed water and blood for the healing of the nations and for the redemption of man. Try to imagine, for a moment, what must have been the thought in the mind of His mother, and in the minds of the friends of the Narazene. No doubt they said, "This is a great calamity." But it was a calamity which made the world rich in spiritual things.

A few years ago some of you people were dazed by the report that Lincoln had been shot. You said, "This is a great calamity:" and it was nothing short of a calamity. But, sir, that was a disaster which deepened American citizenship.

One orator standing before American audiences has asked, "Have we forgotten when Chicago lay burning in a roaring conflagration that stretched seven miles along the lake-shore, while a hundred thousand of her people were encamped on the shelterless prairies? Telegrams flashed the sad news to every state and territory of the Nation, and cablegrams wailed it to the old world, when, lo, the marvel! The astonished earth rolled on its axis, belted and re-belted with telegrams and cablegrams promising help. So royally were these promises kept, that after those who had applied for relief received it, and the relief committee had placarded the streets for three months with the information that there was aid for those who needed it, there remained in bank nearly a million and a half of the relief funds in excess of applications for help. The world could not have afforded to have missed the conflagration of Chicago. It was the greatest investment ever made by disaster, for it burned two hundred millions of property into ashes. But it was a poor, cheap, paltry price to pay for the great knowledge that made the world rich, for when

Chicago was melting away in the heat of its great conflagration, we touched the hour when all the world believed in human brotherhood."

And thus it was when the heart of William McKinley ceased its beating The whole civilized world touched an hour when it believed in the sacredness of human life, in the reality of christianity.

Another lesson which we are to make note of, is the importance of a single man. We have seen in the recent days how a man without any wealth of art, without any brain culture, an unprincipled, miserable, specimen of humanity had the power in his hands to strike down our Chief Magistrate and to plunge the entire civilized world into grief. All men are closely related. We have obligations to the most miserable wretches that live. Christ expects us to do all in our power to improve our social conditions.

The third lesson is this: Man must live according to the law of self-sacrifice. It has been said that William McKinley, more than any other ruler of the past or of the present, lived for others. You men, some of you, placed him in office. You said, "This man shall represent us as law-abiding citizens. He shall represent law, truth and righteousness." When the bullet struck our President, it struck every man that helped put him there. Yea, more, it struck every man and woman who believes in law and order. And this is why he excelled all other rulers in living for others and in dying for others. He was truly a servant of the people. His life has added another beauty to the law of self-sacrifice. And again, we must also remember that this occasion demands that we shall emphasize the sacredness of home life. Mr. McKinley's chivalrous and beautiful devotion to his wife, has adorned and beautified the holy state of marriage, and has purified, sweetened, and hallowed American home life. Not in books nor in actual life is there a finer example of love and devotion. * * * * We must not, as has already been said, forget to pray for the darling of his life, who shared with him all of his victories, all of his sorrows and all of his joys.

The last thought I desire to bring before you is this; this sad calamity teaches the world that we need no new religion, no new philosophy, no new rules of conduct. Mr. McKinley has shown us how it is possible, in a sphere of unusual temptations, to live according to the teachings of the Man of Sorrows.

Already those who understand the history of the past have placed him along side of Washington and Lincoln. Washington was no traitor; Lincoln was no traitor; and, thank God, McKinley was no traitor to himself or to the Nation. And we believe that this man will maintain the place where we have placed him in the trio of the greatest Americans.

BY REV. D. L. MEEKER.

Time would fail me and I have not the ability to say what is in my heart. I see we have about seven minutes before the time set by the Chairman to come to a close. but I am glad to be here this afternoon and with you pay this tribute of respect to him who was our friend; while he was Chief Magistrate of the Nation, yet he was one of the kind that wanted no artificial barriers between himself and his fellows. His greatness commends itself to us in that he was simple in his greatness; in the home life and in the public life, wherever he was called upon to discharge any duty, as it has been repeatedly said this afternoon, he was not found wanting, and as we might say he is enshrined to-day and will be in the years to come in the hearts of the people, and as my brethren have said, his life will be pointed to as an example by those who shall come after us, and christians will say to their children, "Follow him there was a pattern." I thought while my brethren were speaking, here is material for some of the greatest lessons to be drawn, as it shall give us an opportunity that the world has never furnished us. I think of his greatness in the great gathering, the General Conference of the Church of which I am but an humble member, when they cast about for four men to speak; he whose picture is there; he who is buried this afternoon, was one of the four men speaking before thatgreat audience. I am here as a representative of the Church, not only in my own behalf, but in the behalf of the people,to pay my, and their tribute of respect to his memory.

COMMITTEES AND OFFICERS.

Captain R. H. Hall.....Chairman.
R. J. Manning.....Secretary.
C. I. Fisher.....Treasurer.
Prof. J. A. Sophia.....Chorister.
Prof. H. S. Warner.....Orchestra.

SUSQUEHANNA:

Dr. S. Birdsall, C. I. Fisher, Geo. Tisdell, Charles Burrhus,
Hon. C. F. Wright, R. J. Manning, M. J. Ryan, Geo. W. Shaeff,
J. B. Barnes, T. Jeffries.

OAKLAND:

D. T. Sprague, L. E. VanAntwerp, Sam. J. Hill, E. R. Thompson,
Robert Lee, Wm. Mannering.

LANESBORO:

H. E French, Almon Barnes.

COMMITTEES:

SPEAKERS—M. J. Ryan, R. J. Manning, George Tisdell.

OPERA HOUSE and DECORATIONS—R. H. Hall, Robert Lee, C. I. Fisher.

FINANCE—Almon Barnes, Lanesboro; D. T. Sprague, Oakland; M. J. Ryan, George W. Shaeff, Charles Burrhus.

RESOLUTIONS—Dr. S. Birdsall, Charles Sabin, G. W. Shaeff.

PROGRAM—M. J. Ryan, R. J. Manning, Geo. Tisdell.

USHER—Charles Burrhus.

CHOIR—J. A. Sophia, J. B. Fenner, Nettie Williams, Mary Mooney, Jessie Keene, Ella Engle, Mattie McCannon, Almon Barnes, William Mannering.

RELIEF CORPS—Mrs. C. Kane, Mrs. Job Malpass.

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